

Someday

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Summary:

"So, Eds, what're you planning to do once we leave this dump?"

Someday

Richie's bedroom floor wasn't uncomfortable, Eddie was coming to learn. The carpet was worn smooth in places from Richie's relentless pacing, and there were a couple of out of the way discoloured splotches from places Richie had spilled juice, but it was good enough to lounge around on. Eddie quite liked laying down in the middle of the floor, arms tucked beneath his head, eyes closed, listening to Richie speak or sing along to whatever song was playing in the background. The music always seemed so distant, like the two of them were so wrapped up in each other that even the room they were in seemed to fade away.

It was David Bowie today, at Eddie's request. They were both laying on the floor, Richie's head resting on Eddie's stomach, chatting together, totally oblivious to the world outside Richie's bedroom.

"So, Eds, what're you planning to do once we leave this dump?" Richie asked, cracking open an eye to look up at Eddie.

The other boy shrugged, taking a moment to think and stretch out underneath Richie.

"I'll go to some big city, maybe study a little. Mom wants me to be a doctor." Eddie murmured.

Richie wrinkled his nose.

"I'm not talking about what she wants. It's about you. You can do anything you want."

Eddie hummed, thought it over again.

"I don't know, Richie. I'm not interesting enough to be famous. I just want to meet the interesting people."

"*Not interesting enough ?*" Richie echoed, sounding offended by the concept, "You're plenty interesting."

Eddie grinned, ruffling Richie's hair.

“Glad you think so.”

He paused, distracted by Richie’s curls for a second, twirling one around his forefinger, transfixed by it.

“But what about you? What will you do?”

Richie tapped his chin in mock thought, as if he hadn't come up with his plan to every minute detail.

“I’ll move to Los Angeles - that’s where all the stars end up. I’ll be famous somehow, maybe a stand up comedian. I don’t think I’m handsome enough for the acting scene.” He allowed himself a little chuckle before continuing, “I’ll have one of those houses you see in those dumb celebrity magazines, with all the big windows, and I’ll have someone making sure I don’t have to lift a finger.”

Eddie was totally captivated by the tale Richie was weaving, letting himself be drawn in. Richie had a knack for that, creating an image that became crystal clear in a few babbled sentences.

“Keep going.” Eddie nodded, giving Richie’s shoulder a little encouraging pat.

“Hmm...” Richie turned himself over, resting his chin on Eddie’s stomach instead so he could see his face, “I’ll be friends with all the stars, and I’ll be the funny one in all those groups. I’ll be on every talk show twice, hell, I’ll probably have my own. SNL will beg me to come on all the time, ‘cause I’d tell the best jokes. All of Hollywood’ll love me, I’m telling you.”

Richie loved the look on Eddie’s face, all admiration and awe, absolutely adorable.

“You’ll be with me too, ‘cause L.A.’s pretty big and I’ll need someone taking care of me and making sure I don’t mess it all up.” Richie began, watching for the way Eddie’s eyes would light up when he pictured himself directly involved in Richie’s stories.

That very thing happened, accompanied by a little flush in Eddie’s cheeks. Richie beamed and kept going.

“There'll be a new place to eat at every night and we'll go together every time. There'll be a ton of interesting people to meet, and you'll have your fair share of fancy, fabulous friends.”

Eddie grinned.

“I'll be richer than fuckin' god, Eds. I'm gonna make it, I know I will, and I'm gonna do it to prove all of them wrong.” Richie's jaw was set tight, with a sort of steely determination in his voice that Eddie admired. It was pure ambition, with the sheer need to come out on top after a lifetime of being under everyone else.

“You'll make it, I know you will. I'll be there with you too.” Eddie took Richie's hand in his own, giving it a squeeze.

“I know. I've gotta have someone waiting on me.” Richie teased, the lightness returning to his tone.

Eddie snorted, rolling his eyes, but his expression was nothing but fond.